

1483

Specimen

Oliver Peterson
North Freedom, Wis.



1903

1.

April.

April 2, Thursday.

This morning after breakfast I went up the Railroad track. Near the Bridge I heard a Vesper Sparrow give the same song as in 1900. It sat on a post just the width of the track from where I heard the other. The song I have heard before were all different in some way. I wonder it could happen that this is the same one.

A Field Sparrow lit on the embankment and flew away and I started to watch it. It was

feeding on various seeds and looked quickly from one side to the other keeping watch. A Song Sparrow sitting about thirty feet away flew over and struck it savagely in the back without any provocation whatever. The Field Sparrow lit in the bushes for an instant and then went back to its feeding as unconcerned as ever. The Song Sparrow sang as though proud of himself and went on.

A Male Cowbird lit in the tops of several tall trees and then flew down to the ground to feed. He gave a note like e-e-e then. It walked around with a nervous active manner.

A dull-looking Woodpecker lit on a tree in front of me

and the glass showed him to be a most gorgeous bird with striking colors. It was the first one of the year.

Ruby-crowned Kinglets were hunting through the woods near the Half Moon with Golden-crowns. Both species sang and the Rubys of course had the best of it.

Heard an American Sparrow calling over towards Udell.

A Great Horned Owl flew up and I followed it. It came flying back with a low who who and a long whoooo to see what I was doing. It lit for an instant and then flew over to the woods and began to roost.

4.

April 5, Sunday.

This morning there was a juncos out by the Barn. It sang and between calls gave call-note. There were several scattered males around feeding in the lane and in front of the Barn.

Those song sparrows were still trying to run each other out of the ditch but they did not seem to take offense as easily at each other now. They fed in between fights. Two females were feeding in the woods and I think that the male will soon become reconciled to each other.

Watched a Flicker feeding on the ground for a while.

A Sparrow Hawk chased a Marsh Hawk swiftly across the sky.

5.

April 7, Tuesday.

This morning in Baraboo the Mourning Doves were making. The males flew around with a slow labored flapping flight with loudly whistling wings. Several cooed at once. Occasionally one sailed along with wings set and swooped down through the trees like one of the smaller hawks.

The Flickers were looking at the old hole over in Sangdon where they nested last year. The male danced up and down the limb before the female with spread wings and drooping tail. He held his head as high as possible and jerked it back and forth rapidly giving a note like rick-ah rick-ah.

6.

April 8, Wednesday.

This morning I was awakened by the song of the House Wren. It sang twice before I got up.

The Kinglets of both species came about 7:45 and hunted all through the trees.

The Downy Woodpecker is still drumming. I wish he would not begin so early as he always drums just outside my window.

Then a Robin came to bathe. It seemed rather afraid of the water and stepped in and out but finally put its head under and splashed. Then it flew into the oak to dry itself. It wagged its tail rapidly from side to side and flapped its wings against it to shake the water out of the feathers.

7.

It gesticulated with its wings with the motion of a few moving ~~the~~ hands.

A Yellow-bellied Woodpecker has tapped a maple in the corner of the yard and sits there nearly all day drinking the sap and catching a few of the flies and other insects that it attracts.

The English Sparrows were much interested in watching it. Some of them went down to bathe but a Robin chased them away.

A Bluejay came and drank out of the pan keeping good watch all the while. It flew up in the oak and dried its bill. Some others flew over and after watching them a minute flew after them quickly.

Two Tree Sparrows lit in the top of the oak and sang the full song. It was the most finished and beautiful song I have heard from them. It was given in a wild ringing tone like whute a whute a whur sweet sweet and then a trill at the end.

Saw a Robin in Iris's yard picking up nesting material. Bronzed Grackles were warbling around nervously on various lawns. They flew at the slightest motion towards them.

At last I have discovered what the Sparrows want around the yellow-bellied Woodpecker's drinking fountain. There were eight or ten of them and the sat in little

crotches or fluttered against the tree to drink the sap that ran down.

The woodpecker made short sallies after insects.

April 9, Thursday.

This morning the Robin's nest in Iris's yard was nearly ready for the small timing.

April 11, Saturday.

This morning it was raining. I went over to the Humble's after some flowers. A Cooper's Hawk flew around scolding Kil-Kil-Kil-Kil-Kil. It was near its last year's nest and now left the small patch of woods.

April 16, Thursday

This morning before I got up I heard a Ruby-crowned Kinglet give a song like tuw tuw tuw tuw tuw tuw tuw tuw when I got up I could not find it.

Watched a Bronzed Grackle feeding in the road. It dragged three or four earthworms out of a puddle and laid them in a hollow after it had collected a big bunch it took them up on the grass and ate them. It did not seem to like to pick them up very well. It did not seem to see me but flew at a slight motion. It looked at the ground and not at its surroundings like a robin. It took a big

bunch of worms into a pine where I could not see him to eat them. He was gathering straw for a nest.

They are a few snakes found around feeding on the lawns.

Two Robins by Ringings are very tame they hardly get out of my way as I go past. One bathed out in a small pond trying three or four before it found one deep enough to sit.

April 17, Saturday

This morning after breakfast I started for the Hamlets. It was warm though the sky was cloudy. In the Old Pasture the Gooseberry bushes were just begin to leaf out and Ruby

Crowned Kinglet hunted through them in sparing numbers.

Heard an excited note like ~~up~~ ~~but~~ ~~but~~ it and on following it up saw a male Cowbird examining an old Catbird's nest. He gave the note as long as I was in sight.

Song Sparrows were numerous. Occasionally one would fly out give a sharp test note several times, chirp and then sing on the wing. They generally did this while crossing the river and sometimes sang after they lit in the willows.

Kingfishers were fairly common. They were seen flying high in the air or perched along in the trees along the riverbank. Heard one rattle when I was back in

Elliot's woods. It was probably flying over.

I was standing by a stump in Surnach pasture listening to the Chickadees at the Hemlock and wondering if I could find a nest ~~when~~ one flew over towards me. It lit by what looked like a slit in the stump but examination revealed the fact that it was a nesting hole dug to a depth of about three inches. I did not stay long as I was afraid they would abandon it.

By Blunt Rock I lay on a slope for a while. A pair of Song Sparrows were hunting for a place for a nest a short distance away. The female went into a little hole with a low buzzing

note and arranged a few
odds and ends of grass and
root in it. Then they went
away and I did not see them
again.

A Flicker was just starting
its nest in the top of a dead
tree nearby. Occasionally it
paused work to give a loud
wick wick wick and was
answered by its mate from
over the hill.

By the Hidden Trail was
a flock of about a dozen Mott
Warblers. They were handsome
fellows and carried their
wings drooped jauntily and
looked at me with sleepy eyes
which were entirely belied
by their actions. They
sang occasionally a rather

wick song.

April 19, Sunday.

This morning after breakfast
I went over in J. Shackles Woods.
About the first thing I heard
was the ringing song of the
Water Thrush coming from a
pond about forty rods off.
I went over there and saw
it walking around on sticks
that lay in the water. I could
never see it when it sang.

A Song Sparrow was also
feeding among the mossy logs
and it also sang. It was in
plain sight however.

A pair of Sayornis Phoebe
caught insects near the
surface of the Water with
emphatic flicks of their tails.

Across the track were a number of Kinglets and Myrtle Warblers in a lit valley in the woods. They were all singing but they could hardly be heard for the clamor of the Crows who had found a succumb Barred Owl. The Crows kept coming in until forty or fifty were gathered and at every move of the Owl the chorus of caws broke out with redoubled force. The Owl answered with a low ~~hoarse~~ ^{hoarse}. Finally, they chased it out of sight over the tops of trees starting past it but never quite touching it.

Then it began to rain and a small flock of Tree, Cliff and Barn Swallows appeared

circling and sailing around over the trees by the Half Moon. The Tree Swallows gave a liquid chr-r-ring note that I had never heard before.

Heard a single Chewink calling and singing by the railroad Bridge as I returned.

April 21, Tuesday.

Tonight as I was coming from Iris I saw the Bronzed Grackles gathered in the tops of a bare tree before going to roost. There were fourteen of them. Once in so often one would sing and then all the other males would join and add to the medley of songs. One or two others kept flying in at intervals and joined them.

April 25 Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields.

By Fish's Marsh I paused to look for Wilson's Snipe. As I looked directly at one patch of mud about twenty feet off two rose from it and I could not distinguish them until they started to fly. They seemed large and their backs were very striking. They circled off and lit somewhere in Doherty's.

White-throated Sparrows were common. They feed in brushpicks and weed patches. Occasionally one would break into song and then half a dozen would sing at once.

Saw a single Bank Swallow.

about 10:30 Art Rudy and I went over by the Half Moon. Water-Thrushes were singing in all directions.

Saw one Cowbird Water-Thrush. It fed along the shore of the Half Moon and sang a loud brilliant song.

A pair of the rare Rough-winged Swallows were circling over the water. They lit occasionally in the trees. One started to light directly in front of me but a sudden snipe startled it and it flew off.

A Red-bellied Woodpecker gave a peculiar note as he hatched up a tree ahead of us seeming tamer than usual. It was Ke yut Ke yut Ke yut
Ke yut Ke yut.

The yellow-bellied Woodpeckers were very noisy. Even this he seemed very loud and they shouted their love notes in all directions.

April 26, Sunday.

This morning I started for the Hemlocks but only got as far as Dick's pasture as I was sick. A line of Great Blue Heron tracks extended along through the mud for quite a distance in front of the Hemlocks on the North side of the river.

A Hairy Woodpecker was making a nest across the river.

The Chickadee's nest appeared to have been abandoned.

April 25; Tuesday.
Today I kept a list of the birds seen or heard around the house.

1. Killdeer.
2. Mourning Dove.
3. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker.
4. Chimney Swift.
5. Phoebe.
6. Bluejay.
7. Crow.
8. Cowbird.
9. Red-winged Blackbird.
10. Meadowlark.
11. Baltimore Oriole.
12. Bronzed Grackle.
13. English Sparrow.
14. American Goldfinch.
15. Vesper Sparrow.
16. White-throated Sparrow.
17. Chipping Sparrow.

- 18 Field Sparrow.
- 19 Song Sparrow.
- 20 Purple Martin.
- 21 Robin.
- 22 Bluebird.

April 29, Wednesday.

This morning I heard a Brown Thrasher sing and a Spotted Sandpiper flew over.

After dinner I went over into the River Woods.

Saw a single White-crowned Sparrow. White-throats were plentiful.

Water Thrushes of both species were singing.

By the Railroad Bridge I was just leaving the woods

so dead sick that I could hardly walk when I heard a harsh mewling ^{peep} giving in the tone of a Cat-bird ^{new}. I placed the bird in a brush pile and I knew at once for a Blue-gray Gnatcatcher my first specimen. It kept its wings drooped and sometimes cocked its tail above its back giving it a very mockingbirdlike look. It made sallies after insects straight up into the air, caught them with a loud snap of the bill and then pitched down again. Then it flew into a tree and I lost it although I heard its note once or twice afterwards.

18 April 30 Thursday

19 This afternoon about four o'clock
20 Got Rudy and I went up in
21 the River Woods. It had been
22 cold all day with snow but
was quite warm then.

Myrtle Warbler flew along
through the bushes ahead
and I saw two handsome
Nashville Warblers hopping around
on the ground. The way in
which they cling to the
side of a nearly perpendicular
mud bank seemed almost
marvelous.

White-throated Sparrows
were very thick and I
saw half a dozen juncos
and some Tree Sparrows.

A pair of Hermit Thrushes
flew up ahead and then

one of them went to feeding.
It ran quickly along a log
and caught a spider and
then stood looking at me in
that position but I was almost
to the ground and with its
tail thrown over its back in a
perfectly ludicrous manner
more like a Catbird than a
Thrush.

Saw two Bobwhites, a pair
in a brushpile. They have
begun mating already.

Five Palm Warblers were
hopping around on the
ground wagging their tails
and calling chit sharply.
They sang somewhat in
the manner of Myrtle Warbler
in a weak piping tone. The war
low that it was hard to catch.

I copied down two varieties of it as best I could. che-wee-ee
chit-te chit-te chit-te and
che-s-sy, che-s-sy, che-s-sy
che-s-sy. They chased each other
around on the ground. They
must have come last night
in the storm.

Heard a House Wren in Riders
Addition on the way back. It
sat on the top of post singing
and looked like a Chipping
Sparrow. When I tried to
approach closer it flew over
a Woodpile and disappeared.

May.

May 1, Friday.

This morning after breakfast.
I went out in the river woods.
A Ruby-crowned Kinglet fed in front
showing no fear whatever. I
came to within a pace of it
before I saw. It was feeding on the
little insects that were just being
warmed into life by the sun.
It was quick and alert in its
motions and kept its feathers
well puffed out because of the
cold.

Followed the song of a Palm
Warbler across a pasture and saw
the bird sitting quiet in a tree
singing. When it saw me it flew
down and then as followed it
went across the river.

In the woods I scared up
half a dozen juncos. They were
all female and went up into
the tops of the trees in the sun.

Heard the song of a Rose-breasted
 Grosbeak and afterwards saw it
 feeding in the top of an elm.

There were several Chewinks
 in the brush piles by the
 railroad bridge. They called
 and sang for quite a while and
 did not seem as timid as
 usual.

Louisiana Water Thrushes
 flew up and sat in the trees to
 sing about thirty feet from the
 ground. One started to sing
 before it lit. After singing a
 dozen times or so they went
 back to their feeding.

Watched a Water Thrush

pushing in a ditch for a time -
 it waded along in the shallow
 water and tipped its tail at that
 occasionally it touched the water
 when it felted it and shook the
 drops off that clung to it. It found
 a small ~~amphipod~~ worm and held
 in its bill and walked around
 with as though it did not know
 what to do with it. Then it shook
 it sideways and broke it up into
 small pieces which it ate.

I saw Myrtle Warblers ahead
 clinging to the sides of trees
 and down or fluttering up
 them for a short distance and
 searching for insects in the
 crevices. These birds were very
 thick.

Then I saw two Black-throated
 Warblers and followed them in

hoped they would sing but they did not. They gave a queer call note like tyi and the second time I heard it I recognized the bird by it. They hunted around on the ground & through the lower branches. It was so cold that the insects were not up high. It also lit on the sides of trees. Its flight dipping and once it made a queer zig zag before it lit.

Heard the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher again but could not find although I hunted. It was about five rods from where I saw it first.

Then a Black throated Blue Warbler sang. It gave to slightly different songs. It ended something like virine does. It kept its wings hanging at its sides and did

not travel as much as the rest of them although it was restless. I did not see it on the ground but frequently it lit on the bark of the trees. Its song was wee see wee see wee see ending in a harsh trill and wee si ty wee si ty wee si ty wee si ty with a note after the trill.

Palm Warblers were quite thick. They hunted on the ground almost entirely occasionally hopping on to the trunk of a tree or flying up to about twenty feet to sing a few times before going on with their feeding. They were rather quarrelsome. Copied down a new song. Others were sometimes mingled with it. Keup te Keup te Keup te Keup te Keup te

Two Tree Sparrows were hopping around feeding in the water of a little ditch.

A male Louisiana Water Thrush came chasing another one both calling angrily and lit close by. They flew immediately on seeing me.

A male Black and White Warbler came next. He sang and called. His wings seemed to have a slight tint of brown near the tips.

A Myrtle Warbler chased a moth and it hid in the bark of tree. The bird clung to the bark and looked around keenly for it. The moth becoming frightened dashed out and was immediately captured.

Then I heard the song of the Black-throated Green Warbler and followed it up. Although I knew the song I did not recognize the bird at once. The song was

like ~~in the~~ ^{in the} heart ~~tree~~ ^{tree} to my ear. It was a woody buzzing trill not beautiful but pleasing to the ear. He was very restless and had a curious habit of flitting his wings like a Ruby-crowned Kinglet. For a call note he gave ~~til~~ and when alarmed at my following him a sharp ~~til~~ varied to ~~til~~. He was more active than any of the others and covered more territory. He also clung to the trees and hunted in the crevices of the bark.

Louisiana Water-Thrushes were singing from the trees all around me. I could hear three or four at once sometimes. While following up one of these I started a Thrush and saw it was a Hermit and

watched it a little. It ran along a log went on the ground and then was back in air instant scratching its head with its foot over its wings. Then it sat still and looked at me until my patience gave out and I went on.

Saw three or four Nashville Warblers feeding in a patch of Gooseberry bushes. They called but did not sing. They were very brilliant birds.

Found place where the Chunks and White-throats had been scratching that looked as if it had been gone over with a rake.

Saw a Palm Warbler flycatching, flitting its tail like a Phoebe. Two others were wading around in the water in a little gully. They were very tame.

On going around a brush pile I got a momentary glimpse of a Chestnut-sided Warbler. I followed it around trying to get a closer glimpse of it but it kept well hidden in the brushpile. It kept its wings hanging and looked very handsome. It was restless that I could follow its movements easily.

Saw a number of Brown Thrashers by the Railroad Bridge. One gave a low song and another answered with a perfect imitation of a Baltimore Oriole song.

May 3, Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in the fields. It was quite warm although there

was ice in the puddles.

A Spotted Sandpiper was feeding in Fiske's marsh. It raised its wings in a nervous hesitating manner and as I approached flew over to a pond further on.

A Red-winged Blackbird flew up about twenty rods off and sang on the wing. His epaulettes showed a brilliant patch of red even at that distance.

A mixed flock of Bronzed Grackles and Cowbirds lit in a tree ahead of me. Rather anxious to see these two together. The Grackles were all female.

Across the river a single male Rusty Blackbird gurgled and belted his song and then flew on to the West.

White-throated Sparrows

were extremely abundant. They flew up in front of me in flocks of about twenty five and lit in the bushes and trees where they summed themselves ~~on~~ straggled along in front of me through the willows and brushpile. They were more peacable than the Tree and did not quarrel so much. The song of the males was much in evidence but I think that the female predominated.

White-crowned Sparrows were distinguishable by their larger size and louder flight. I took one for a female Chipping Sparrow when it first flew up.

Saw a Red-headed Woodpecker on a tree. It called to me in its usual manner.

A Catbird flew over and lit in the brush this is the first one I have seen this year. Palm Warblers were feeding along the river bank. They easily distinguishable by their note and the habit they have of wagging the tails.

After breakfast I went over in the River Woods.

A Barred Owl flew out of a tree and perched only a short distance off. The birds paid no attention to it.

Saw a few juncos again. They fed on the ground among the leaves and were very wild.

A Parula Warbler fed along the bank of the river on trees

overhanging the water and finally went across. Occasionally it gave a note like ten. It did not sing while I watched it. It was very active. The upper parts were grayish blue; Patch in the middle of the back greenish yellow. Throat and breast yellow with a duller darker band across breast; Belly white. Two broad joined patches of white on the wing. This was the first one I had seen in two years so at first I was not sure of its identification. In its actions it resembled Blackburnian somewhat.

Black-throated Green Warblers were common. I could hear their pleasant ~~woody~~ song coming from all directions. They gave continual variations from the

song heard May 1 in the shape of additional syllables. A common form was ~~er-e-er-e-er-ta~~. It was easily recognisable however much varied. Once I saw two in the same tree. I watched one for quite a while. Generally they would hunt along one or two branches and then fly may six or eight rods to another tree to repeat the performance. This made them hard to watch as the ground was in places covered with water so get around which I had to make long detours. This one however kept to a group of three or four trees for a considerable time. It would stretch up raising its crown to look into a bunch of half opened leaves and then

perhaps catch some passing insect on wing. Once it got a green measuring worm and swallowed it and let it on the limb before swallowing it. It was very alert and handsome.

Saw my Blue-gray Gnatcatcher again. It was singing and worked it up for five minutes at a stretch. This however did not interfere with its movements for it was hardly still an instant. The song was very low but was a pretty warble. It reminded me of the Catbird greatly with a slight touch of the Brown Thrasher. Once it gave a low jay-jay exactly like a Bluejay. It gave a note like ~~tee~~ or simply ~~tee~~ a variation of the first and also a whistling tick. It kept hopping restlessly from

branch to branch with its tail thrown over its back while singing.

Saw half a dozen Yellow-throated Vireos. They sang a little but stopped immediately upon my approach.

Caught a few broken notes of the song of the White-eyed Vireo and following it up caught a short glimpse of the bird itself.

Myrtle Warblers in flying through the trees sometimes gave a note like swur.

Heard and saw several Redstarts. It was rather hard to find them by their songs.

Crossed the back and found a Red-bellied Woodpecker at work on its nest. It

acted very anxious and followed me up for a ways.

Saw a number of White-breasted Nuthatches who hunted for their nests without success. The males sang a little.

By Patterson's I looked in a hollow post and there was a Bluebird on its nest. She looked straight up at me for a minute and then I went on without disturbing her. A pair are thinking of building in one of my bird boxes. The female gave a note like chut.

A Red-breasted Nuthatch came hunting through our back yard as I was writing. The light was in my eyes but it looked so small that I knew it and the glass showed up the color.

It found a grub in the maple and sat down with its head straight out for a minute and then flying to another jammed it in a crevice and ate it. It was female. It kept up a low ick ick all the time.

A Male Downy Woodpecker still comes to the slit in the maple. He looks rather ragged and is very quiet although he is not frightened by any one going by. I hardly knew when he came or went.

A Chestnut-sided Warbler gave a song like sweet sweet sweet sweet swa swa swa the last three notes being given quickly with a rising inflection. The first part was something like a yellow Warbler.

After Dinner I started for the Humber Bluffs. It was warm and looked like rain.

Noticed that the male Purple Martin has a single small white feather at the end of his left wing. Some Bronzed Grackles were feeding in Fick's Marsh and farther on several were with some Red-winged Blackbirds in an oatfield. A single female of the latter species was sitting in the willows along the river. She gave a note like quint and jerked her tail nervously but did not seem much afraid.

Several Myrtle Warblers of both sexes were in the Old Pasture. They were very active. One flew out and got an insect just above the surface of the water.

They gave their call notes continuously. Insects were caught with a snap of the bill. The song was pleasing rippling Warbler of rather an uncertain character.

In the Hackberry pasture I saw a single Sparrow-Hawk flying. It set its wings and sailing to the top of a tree alighted gracefully and pumped its tail several times. The nesting tree was cut down last winter but I hope they will stay here.

Two female Cowbirds came flying towards a tree in a male was sitting. He flew out to meet them and circling around came back in a graceful sailing curve. Two males came

by chasing two females. They whirled and turned around and one ^{male} passing close to the others mate fell to chasing her while the other took after the bird the first had abandoned. This goes to show the weakness of the conjugal instinct.

The Palm Warblers became much excited at the passing of a wink through the grass and several walked up closer to me. They fed along in the grass now jumping up in the air after an insect and now flying a short distance taking a bug from a stick maybe on the way. They were not so active as the other *Dendroica*. Frequently they sat still looking around for a minute until

they saw an insect and then getting it. If a moth was captured, I would see a quick dive and then the bird would draw back. The moths wings would show an instant as it was worked back in the mouth and then it would be swallowed. Although the birds sat still their tails were continually wagging and I could tell ~~what~~ they were in a glance because of this.

They kept in hedgerows and bushy places. For instance they were very common on the river bank from the Old Pasture to Plum Orchard on the north side of the river.

In Sulys Pasture were six or eight female Colubrids.

fading around the cows. They would get within six inches of their noses as they fed and go in between their feet and stand by their hoofs without any fear whatever. They had the regular nervous Blackbird walk with jerking tail and preoccupied look.

In Sulys Marsh I saw a single Sora. It walked along with jerking head and tail in water. That in places was nearly up to its body. When it got behind cover it ran swiftly and finally hid. It lifted its feet high and took long steps.

A single Marsh Sparrow skulked in a tangle of bog alder and brush. He was very retiring. I could hardly tell what he was.

A Virginia Rail jumped up and flew a short distance with hanging tail. When it lit it ran quickly into the grass and hid.

Long sparrows flew up out of little patches of dried grass. They were hard to catch sight of after they lit as they skulked so.

Across from the Humlocks I heard a nasal naak naak naak and looking up saw a Red-breasted Nuthatch in the top of an elm.

There must be quite a movement among them as I have seen two today and only one other all the spring.

Saw a female Palm Warbler but did not recognize it at first. They was a flock of about twenty-five or thirty feeding in the short grass here. They are more common

this year than ever before. They occasionally gave notes like tee and tee besides the sharper note.

A Kingfisher flew by with something dark held lengthwise in his bill. By the time I got the glass up it was past. It went straight down to Skunk Rock.

That Chickadee's nest in Dickie's pasture was deserted for it was full of Cobwebs.

Saw a dozen or more juncos across the river. There were one or two snakes with them. I drove them all the way from Skunk Rock to the Humlocks. They would fly a short distance wait until I was upon them and then fly again. If I had not kept close watch I might have

thought that juncos were spread along the whole distance whereas there were only about a dozen of them.

At the Humble about the first thing I saw was another Bluegray Gnatcatcher! It acted much like the one seen in the forenoon but had a habit of tumbling head over heels down through the branches after insects. While watching it I heard the now familiar put up the hill and saw another. By their actions they were mated. They kept rather close together and one called once in a while. They kept pretty well up in the branches and continually cleaned their bills on the limbs.

Two male Blackburnian Warblers were seen. They kept up in the tops of the trees as the insects were flying high. They made sallies after insects into the air and descended to the tree tops again with all the grace of the Phoebe and other Flycatchers. Sometimes they tumbled down through the branches of the trees chasing some elusive insect. One had the orange on the more extended than any other I have seen this year.

Several Black-throated Green Warblers were seen. They all so fed in the tops of the trees but contented themselves with the insects nearby without making sallies after them in the air. As I jumped over a log the

Winter Wren came out from under a piece of bark and flew into a dense tangle where I lost him. I thought that perhaps there was a nest there but could find no sign of one.

A single Tree Swallow flew over about 150 feet up going due south. To the naked eye its underparts looked black.

Several Black and White Warblers were hunting around. They kept high up but hunted along the tree trunk and larger branches. Frequently they were upside down but they never remained long in one position. They were all males.

Saw a single Golden-crowned Kinglet. I just looked at it by chance. It was the only

one I have seen so far this month. It was in with the Ruby-crowned species. These were very thick. They were all over high and low down. Their scolding chatter came from all sides and occasionally one sang. The greater part of them were females.

By Partridge Oak a flock of about twenty-five birds flew silently over my road and lit in the trees beyond. They sat there silently for a minute craning their necks to look at me and looking much like English Sparrows. Then they all broke in subdued trills or scraps of song and I knew them for Purple Finches. Perhaps it was the same flock seen last winter. Anyway they were just as

swims and after looking at me for a few minutes went stringing back over the Rocks from whence they had come.

At the top of the ridge of Hackberry pasture I saw a Male Hairy Woodpecker. I came closer and saw that he was rounding out a nesting hole. He did not mind me but kept at work while I approached. At last he went up the tree pecking at the bark as he went. I can span the nest in about two weeks probably.

By the little marsh a Tree Sparrow flew up from under my feet and joined his mate. They acted queer and I hunted for a nest but found nothing.

May 4, Monday.

This morning after breakfast I went over in the river woods. It threatened rain but the sun shone occasionally. By Luther's bridge I saw a Snake Yellow Warbler. It was so restless that I could not tell what it was at first. It hunted around over the water a great deal and was never still except when it sang. It gave two songs swu swu swu swu swu swu o and swu swu swu swu swu swu. The first went along smoothly sudden sped in the last three notes and then ceased with a falling inflection.

Across the river a Wood Thrush sang a little but I could not get sight of it. It was the first of the year.

Black and White Warblers were common. They called sweet and sang a fine we see we see we see we see we see sometimes leaving off the last note. Generally they crept along but when they wished to capture an insect quickly. They fluttered their wings to help them along. They did not get down to feed on the ground at all as the other warblers did. They could probably find enough insects in the crevices of the bark.

The yellow bellied Woodpecker were common. Saw one picking holes in the smaller branches of a poplar and another at work near the roots of a Basswood. I guess it is hard to get sap out in Iowa they feed on the Norway Spruces.

Black-throated Green Warblers were common. Near the Half Moon I watched one for some. It was creeping and fluttering up the trunk of the tree and making short flights out for insects. It seemed to make as good headway at it as the Black and White Warbler. It came so close that there was no need of the glass.

Then I saw a bird which I identified as a female Parula Warbler. It was quite slow and methodical in its movements. Then I heard a new song and following it up found a male Parula and later on half a dozen others which I watched for some time. They gave two call notes like tee and tee when together but when separated were silent. The song was considerably.

varied but was easily recognized by the tone in which it was given and the change in the note at the end. I copied down three songs. wit ter wit ter wit er wit ter wit er, wit er wit er wit er wit er wit er, wit ter wit ter wit er wit er wit er. They did not sing as much as I could have wished and seemed to sing only when I was not close by. Frequently a fragment of song was given when they sprang into the air after an insect but always in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear it. They allowed me to come very close and I was careful not to frighten them. They were of course the Northern Parula. They hunted low down through the gooseberry bushes and on the ground along logs. Sometimes

they turned over the leaves to get insects or made a dash into the air. I thought at last that I would leave them and went to looking at other birds but still they came around following me up as I had them.

Downy Woodpecker were very common here. When two came together they gave a chuckling chuck-a-chuck-a.

A single Rough-winged Swallow was sailing around over the half moon with several banks. They made sweeping circles now high in the air and now barely missing the water. The Rough-wing was silent but the Banks called continually.

Heard a harsh note like tit tit tit occasionally varied

by ~~so~~ ^{so} coming the
bushes at one side. It had a
queer ventriloquist quality that
made it hard to place. I
went softly along peering into
every bush and finally looking
up saw - a male Cowbird
sitting on a limb giving the notes
about thirty feet off! I wonder
what other birds there to give
the strange notes. He flew off
fairly laughing at having
outwitted me.

Then a strange bird flew
up ahead of me and lit in
a bush for an instant. At
first glance I took for D.
Parus pyrrhonica but then I
noticed some black on its head
and followed it up until I
obtained the following description.

Crown yellow; chin and cheeks
black; back grayish blue;
yellow patch on wing; rest of
underparts white. When I got
home I learned that it was a
male Golden-winged Warbler.
It was very secretive and hunted
about the base of the gooseberry
bushes. When startled it flew from
one cover to another without
alighting in sight for an instant.
Once or twice when it came out
of its own accord it lit in a small
tree for an instant before going
to the next feeding ground. Frequently
I saw it hanging head down from
a twig getting insects from among
the leaves which had caught
among the stems of the bushes.
Then it hunted around on the
ground. It was quite restless.

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It allowed me to approach quite close so long as I was quiet but it was difficult to keep track of it as the leaves were out on the bushes. Once or twice it slipped away without my seeing it and at last I lost it entirely.

May 5, Tuesday.

Tonight after school I went up in the Crow woods across from the graveyard and stopped on the way at the gravel pit. Near Hags I heard a thin rapid nasal ick-a-ick-a-ick-a-ick-a and saw a Red-breasted Nuthatch running around on the top limbs of one and seeking like *S. carolinensis*. Another was

65.

hunting silently through another tree not far off. It was silent but active. It twisted and zigzagged over and under the branches probing the bark in the usual Nuthatch manner. I think that the one seen March 15 was a straggler and that the true migration is taking place now.

Baltimore Orioles are very common now. I can at nearly any time hear a musical call note like tek-eter. Occasionally one sings whuty whuty whuty whuty whuty or whuty whuty whuty whuty whuty. They hunt through the half opened foliage and keep rather high up. I hear them oftener than I see them.

By the gravel pit I started a very handsome Warbler which I did not recognize at first but finally made it out to be a Magnolia Warbler. I took the following description: broad white patch on wing and much white on tail; underparts yellow streaked with black forming a nucleus on breast; Chuk's black bordered by white; rump yellow; crown and neck grey; back black. The white on the tail showed conspicuously in flight. It was a very restless bird but once it sat still near the ground pruning its feathers for some time. Thus giving me a good look at it. It was silent. It hopped low down but the cold

weather keeping the insects low would account for this. It would only let me get about thirty feet away when it would move on.

While watching the Magnolia I heard a rapid song which ended in a low chuck burr and a strange bird came chasing another along the ground twisting and turning and singing as it came. The pursuer hit almost at my feet and remained still long enough for me to secure the following description: upper parts dull olive green; crown with dull orange patch; underparts dull yellow indistinctly streaked. At first sight I took it for an Oriole but then I knew it for the Orange-crowned

Warbler my first specimen. Almost immediately it flew a short distance dropped into the brush to disappear completely. I could not find the other ones either.

There were a number of Brown Thrashers here. Frequently when I approached them would hop swiftly along to the next bushpile and then stand in plain sight. The speed they made surprised me. They sang a little in a low tone from near the ground and called occasionally.

A Bluejay flew out and dropped slowly down with down curved wings to the top of a tree calling "pat pat" in a loud tone.

In the Crow Woods were several Male Chestnut-sided Warblers. They sang sometimes loudly and sometimes in a low tone. They kept low down in the brambles and bushes. One came up into a tree and sat there singing and preening his feathers for some time.

An Robin flew down towards me and lit under a bushpile where it walked around feeding with wagging tail. It was the first one of the year.

White-throated Sparrows were very abundant and very tame than usual too. They fed in among the dried leaves on the ground and flew up into the bushes as I passed.

Chiminks also were common. They were singing and wrote

70.

their song as hula hula la la
with a queer staccato sound in the
note. They called whink and
wil.

May 6, Wednesday.

Tonight after school I went
up by the gravel pit. Saw a
strange Flycatcher that I did not
know. It was the Acadian
Flycatcher. The upper parts were
greenish; under parts white;
sides a little darker; eye-ring
and two wing bars white. It
jerked its tail quickly and nervously
in an entirely different manner
from the Phoebe. It chose rather
low perches and sat still for
quite long periods between sallies
after insects. Later I saw another
in Little Orchard. It sat in

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the top of an apple-tree jerking
its tail and calling whit whit.

Heard the Ind. whistling
Rob. white for the first time
this spring. The males were
spread out through the fields
but I saw a flock of about eight
females in a Raspberry bush.
One male was feeding in a plowed
field.

Went over dry a little Pond.
Sparrows, White-throats, Song
and English were in the brush
piles but were hard to flush.

On a little farther I saw the
reason for it. A small hawk
flew up and and lit a short way
off. It was the Sharp-shinned
Hawk. Back slate color; Chin
white. tail darker than back nearly
square and banded with black;

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The underparts were barred with reddish brown and there was a small white spot on the tip of the secondary. It sat low down and when I pressed it too close flew a short distance to another perch. It kept close watch but all the birds were quite. It always perched in among the limbs and sat there perfectly still watching. It was almost invisible looking at it from behind. A Catbird sat within ten feet of it never moving a muscle with its head turned a little towards. Finally the Hawk disappeared over a line of Norway Spruce. The Bluejays were much exercised. One sat on a

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limb calling busily with its crest raised to the fullest extent. At every noise it crouched ready to fly in an instant. It worked its body up and down with the notes.

In some Currant bushes I saw two or three Grasshopper Sparrows and others were singing in all directions. They sat around quietly enough but always tried to flip a very leaf between us. They called a low tee. The song was four notes tha tha tha tha with the ch stress as in the.

Two Nashville Warblers came down into the currant bushes from nowhere and began to hunt around. They jerked their tails sideways and were

very restless. One went up into a tree and sat there scratching his head by bringing his foot over his wing and looking around.

Heard a quail chattering note following it up saw a Cowbird hidden in the lower branches. It flew to another low bush when I frightened it and kept on with its notes.

May 7, Friday.

This morning I heard a strange song and following it up saw a Mah. Nashville Warbler. It was swata swata swata swata see tick-a-ty or icky. It was given rapidly and could be heard for quite a distance.

Heard a Warbling Vireo

singing the first of the year.

A Male Scarlet Tanager lit for an instant in the top of a tree and sang and then went on. Heard the song sounded harsh and loud but at a distance sounded well. For nothing like a Brass Band.

There are a pair of Mourning Doves around and another coming flying down to fight with the male. When he sees them together, they chase each other around with whistling and loud flapping wings and not much damage to either.

After school I walked home up the Railroad track. Near Kirkwood I picked up a Killdeer which had been run over by a

train. Strange that so wary a bird should be killed so.

A Red-tailed Hawk circled down and lit in a dead tree and sat there as long as I could wait. Perhaps it was one of those seen at the Gunlocks in the Springs.

Took a set of Phoebe eggs about half a mile east of Rock Cut on the track. The nest was about 10 ft from the level near the overhanging top of the bank. The nest contained five eggs two of which were slightly spotted with brown and black (set no. 1).

Took a set of four Bluebirds eggs from a post in front of Patterson's. I could barely get my hand in to the eggs the opening was so small. The female refused to leave the nest and I had to lift

her out in my hand. The nest was composed of a few grasses (set no. 2). Another pair were looking at the gasoline can of the street lamp by Trumbull's with an eye to building.

May 9, Saturday.

This morning went over in the River Woods. Took a set of four fresh Robin's eggs from a Scotch in a big red elm near Richers bridge. It was about 12 ft from the water and the nest was hard to detach. One egg became broken in my cap while coming down the tree.

Goldfinches were very abundant. They fed on the ground along the roads. The snakes were in summer plumage.

Near the Half Moon the Crows were bothering the Barred Owl. I went over there and saw a young one sitting on a limb. Still had no effect on him but he watched me closely looking rather ridiculous.

Red-eyed Vireos were very common. Their songs came from all directions from the top of the trees mingled with that of the Yellow-throated.

White-breasted Nuthatches were in full song. I think that they are just beginning to nest. The males sat on the tip top of some dead tree high above the ground and sang making up in persistence what they lacked in music. I have never found one of their nests.

Heard two of Maryland Yellowthroats singing but did not see either as they were across the river.

Least Flycatchers were thick. I heard them calling chee and a another single note in all directions.

Heard one song that puzzled me but finally I made the bird out to be the Chulcan Warbler. The song was a distinctive one something like that of Compsothlypis americana where it was ze ze ze ze ze see see - see. The last two notes uttered. The birds kept to the tops of the trees and were very restless. A distinctive mark was a dark line across the white breast. The light shone so in my eyes that it was hard to see colors. I saw two or three.

They were persistent singers. I saw fought and chased each other through the branches. One lit close to me and sang. They kept their wings drooped. They hunted through the delicate sprays of half opened leaves and going around the larger branches. Although rather they hunted one tree through thoroughly before going to another. The song could be heard frequently at distance.

Saw a Magnolia Warbler - it kept well hidden in a maple that was fully covered out making it hard to watch it. The song was a low warble like wiss wiss wiss wiss we sat. Heard a Wilson's Thrush sing but did not see it.

Crossed the River on some flood wash. A male Song Sparrow became much excited and I went along carefully looking for a nest. About 25 feet from where I began to look the female flew up and I found the nest in a little hollow near the top of the river bank. It was hidden by little and other plant growth. It contained five Song Sparrow and two Cowbird eggs. I collected it for *Melospiza atr.*

Farther on a Mourning Dove tumbled off from her nest in a little hollow on an oak stump. It was near the top of a high bank about three feet from the ground. The hollow was lined with a few grasses and roots on which were two eggs. (Set Inc. 5)

After dinner I went down
in the fields. Bobolinks were very
loud and Mr. Felt said that
it was time to plant corn when
they came. They were singing
and sailing in all directions.

The song began with Bob Felt
and then became so
rapid and artistic that it was
almost impossible to copy it.
Frequently six or eight sang
at once when the melody of a
musical note was impossible
to describe. Others were over singing
high up in the air with

whistles in all
directions and frequently a
pair would wheel up out of
the grass in front of me to
the accompaniment of loud
clown notes by the male.

and then swiftly sail off to
a safe distance. The call note
which he was given frequently.
A Killdeer began to call from
Vail's field and suspecting a nest
I went up there. The male
immediately ran off and I
followed him. Then the female
appeared from near him but
a careful search revealed nothing
and as they did not seem very
anxious I concluded that they
were just feeding there.

Found a Song Sparrow's
nest under the bank by
the swimming hole. It contained
one Cowbird's Egg and two of
its own. The nest was in a
little hollow and was covered
except for a small hole by the long
dead grass. I took the Cowbird's egg.

A pair of Kingbirds were flying and calling around the fallen tree down the river.

In Sully's Marsh I heard the loud rolling whirring of the Sora. I went over there. As I walked along the edge of the wet portion she flew up and with hanging feet and flapping wings flew a few feet to look in the grass. Another ran through the water like a streak to safety. As soon as they reached a sufficiently distant spot they staid still well hidden by the grass to watch me.

In a field near by were a family of Prairie Horned Larks. The young were fully fledged but still had the wide bills. Their underparts were

noticeably whiter than those of their parents and the notes were softer. They flew around a great deal but allowed me to approach closely. The parents did not seem alarmed at all. There were five or six of the young.

May 10, Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went over to the Hemlock. Bobolinks were nesting. The male chased the females through the air twisting and turning this way and that, the male singing constantly. Then the female would alight and the male would land opposite.

A Robin was feeding its young out of the nest by H. Smith. I could hear the soft note of nestlings.

Another one chased a Red-wing out of one of the pasture oaks and followed it for a ways until it turned to go back the Red-wing followed and lit in the tree again without motivation.

In the Pinnula Woods Redstarts were very abundant. They flashed through the trees with spreadtail and drooping wings singing constantly.

Yellow-throated Vireos were also very thick. Their songs formed a volume of sound in which others seemed in as secondary. These last two species formed the bulk of the birds seen here.

Little parties of a dozen Goldfinches were feeding here and there on the ground. At my approach,

they all flew up into the trees. Frequently it seemed as if a patch of yellow dandelions had taken wing so inconspicuous were the birds among the flowers.

Frequently now I see a female Cowbird on the ground. Mating most likely for nests were scarce. They fly a few feet and then skid along through the grass. The males are seen flying around or sitting in the tops of the trees generally along the more open places. They call and sing nearly all the time. They are often seen in pursuit of the females. Sometimes two males after a single female. They twist and turn in all directions in regular bobbing fashion.

At the Humberts I saw a pair of Crested Flycatchers. They

kept low down down or in the
tips of the trees indifferently.
They gave a loud whup and
other notes. Frequently they came
low down and sat still looking
around. They seemed to like to
keep a screen between them and
me.

Saw several Blackburnian
Warblers and heard their song.
It was tee tee tee tee tee &
s-s-s-s. It could always be
recognized by the thin hissing
sound at the end.

A ♀ Yellow Warbler puzzled me
for a minute but I soon recognized
her. She was feeding in a tangle
of wild currants and gave
a note like tail. She was a
good deal duller in color than
the males.

This afternoon I went up
Paul Creek. A Robin had built on
a flat iron crosspiece in the
top of the bridge. The English
Sparrows were now engaged in
building a nest of their own
on top of it.

The White-rumped Shrike had
built again in the tangle of
Guttersweet in the bush above
the road. It was about eight
feet up. The nest was large
and was composed of grass
and weeds built deep and
lined with chicken feathers.
It contained six eggs one of
which had the yolk around
the small end. I collected both
nest and eggs. One of the
birds sat a few feet away and
came almost within reach

giving a loud sticky note - The eggs were fresh.

The point of Donaghys were a pair of Chipping Sparrows. The male chased his mate with petulant twittering notes into the grass and then puffing out his breast feathers to twice their usual size, sang.

When I first came to the Creek I heard the hooting of a Barred Owl and went carefully over towards it. As I came up over a hill I saw it in a tree. Not far away was a large hole in which its nest was. It flew on and its mate joined it. It seemed very nervous and gave a low whining 'tee-ee-act'. They were very tame and sat around

watching me closely. Then they flew down the hill and went on.

Heard a strange song and following it up saw that it was a Golden-winged Warbler. It kept in the thick undergrowth ranging to the tops of the smaller trees. It was very restless and it was some time before I caught sight of it. It would sing once or twice fly maybe to a rock and then sing again and it always kept in the thick growth which made a silent approach impossible. Later on I heard three or four. I heard the song often after I saw the bird as it was very secretive. The song was tee-tee-tee

The first note drawn out
and the last two given more
rapidly like — — —

Continuing along the hillside
I startled a Ruffed Grouse, a
female I think from where it
had been scratching in a
decayed log. This wood was
almost as soft as the earth and
the bird had scooped out a hollow
about the size of its body.

There were two or three
Cerulean Warblers here. They were
singing and I copied the song
as che che che che z-z-z.
They kept well up in the trees
as those on May 2nd did. I could
always identify them by the
band on the breast. The song
resembled that of *Comothlypis*
americana *versicolor*.

I heard the whist of the Acadian
Flycatcher but did not see it.
This species or at any rate I had
never seen before. Small woods
thickly grown with underbrush.
Wood Thrushes were common
along the side of the valley. I
could hear their whistling whit whit
whit frequently. Their song I
wrote the song as Keer er er,
Keer er er, Keer er er.

A Bluejay lit in a thorn bush
with material for her nest. She gave
the scolding Hee Hee Hee of the Cooper
Hawk perfectly. Then she flew away.
The nest was about finished.

It Rained and then several
Black and White Warblers came.
One seized with sudden ardor
sailed in a circle from one tree
to another calling tee tee.

A Puffed Grouse throbbing drum came pulsing from the woods as I stalked for mice. It was the only I had heard though I listened for them all the afternoon.

A Killdeer in a pasture by Donaghys seemed much excited and as I approached a full moon joined him a careful search of three quarters of an hour revealed nothing although the birds seemed very anxious.

May 11, Monday.

This morning in Baraboo Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were common. They fed on Hoge's lawn on the side of the Catalpa tree. The male chased the females swiftly through the

tree singing beautifully and revealing iridescent flecks of color as they turned. Frequently two males pursued one of the opposite sex and then the air was filled with color and music. They uttered a settling note at times.

Robins are hatching. I picked up several half-shells on the lawn.

Three Mourning Doves wither about May 7 are still quarreling. They are building a nest over in the garden yard. The male flap their wings loud but do not do each other much harm & fancy-

A Yellow Warbler was hunting in front of the house. I copied its song as swata swata swata swat swat. Sometimes the last two notes were tee tee.

May 12, Tuesday.

This morning in Peamshuk's yard I saw a strange Sparrow and identified it as a Lincoln Sparrow my first specimen.

The breast was finely streaked with black with a buffy band across it just as the birds describe it. I have been looking for it all the spring. It hopped around in a little tree looking pretty well hidden and then disappeared into the hedge and I lost it. It seemed rather leisurely in its movements and once or twice came out when I could see it plainly.

After school I went down towards the water-works dam on the river bank of Linnel.

Bluejay's nest about ten feet up in a thornapple. It was in a little hollow in the branches and I could not see the old one at all until it climbed up getting sharply pried in the way when she flew off went away. The nest was made of twigs, paper, cloth and wool, lined with roots. It contained four eggs very dark and so heavy that I thought they were nearly hatched but incubation was just begun. I hesitated before taking them and if it had been anything but a Bluejay I probably would not have touched them. Afterwards I heard the pair screaming about the spot as they discovered their loss.

saw a single Palm Warbler near the river. It was hunting quietly and systematically through the roots of a tree.

Saw several Spotted Sandpipers. One lit on a large stone in the middle of the water and tumbled up and down.

As I passed a little Poplar stub a male downy biter came up it and then flew to another tree. On the side away from the stem was his nesting-hole evidently nearly finished.

Saw a female Cowbird sneaking around in the grass. She skulked off as a Song Sparrow does in leaving its nest. I thought she might have been laying an egg but could find no nest.

Then a female Song Sparrow flew up and a female her nest concealed under some long grass. It contained five young covered with dark grey fuzz.

Across the river I saw a bird move in a willow and stopped to look at it. It was only a few feet off but I went up to about six feet and then it came out of leaves. It was a Cape May Warbler a male. It was very businessy in its movements and was silent. The chills in certain lights showed red but in others seemed an uncertain yellow that would attract attention however. The bird was very tame and paid no attention to me whatever.

May 13, Wednesday.

This morning I heard a strange song coming from many of the trees and on looking it up found Nashville Warblers to be very common. The song was ke-tuck ke-tuck ke-tuck se-se-se-se-se-se. This type was infinitely varied, sometimes one or two notes being given then a trill and more notes. Then the notes were much varied in sound.

It had rained during the night and I walked up and down watching the great crowd of Warblers that had come. I saw several Black-Poll Warblers. They gave a sharp song like teet teet teet teet. They seemed rather pugnacious.

I saw one chasing a Robin and another a Mourning Dove. Frequently just as I got my glass on one another I saw they and they chased each other off through the trees their small size and twisting flight making them hard to follow through the young foliage.

Among the rest was a single Indigo Bunting. He sat in the tree looking bedraggled but cheerful and later I heard him singing.

I saw a Warbler in a little pine and on looking at it closely was surprised to see a Bay Breast. Then I saw others five in all. They sang we-se-se-se or we-se-se-se. They were very active and chased the

these birds considerable.

An Olive-backed Thrush lit in a tree and ran down an almost horizontal limb. Then it went to feeding on the ground. It ran around sometimes kicking stuff with its wings in a half hop and half fly when after an insect. It was rather shy and watched me closely. Finally it disappeared in Gattiker's yard.

Saw one Chestnut-sided Warbler and although not so rare he seemed fully as handsome as any of the others.

May 14, Thursday.

This morning Magnolia Warblers were fairly common. The first I saw was singing in

the top of an elm in front of Gattiker's and I could not distinguish the colors at first. Then others appeared and at last I could hear them singing all over. One strongly marked song was rut rut ree ee tyut. Occasionally the last note was omitted. The song had a guttural r-sound about it that was very distinctive.

Black-Poll Warblers were singing all over. Sometimes the song did not sound so sharp as that heard yesterday.

American Goldfinches very common. They were hard to find as they sat quiet in the tops of the trees among the leaves. Frequently a hundred or more sang at once giving one of those choruses so common among the Fringillidae.

that go in flock a musical jumble of songs and call notes that seemed to pervade the whole air. It would be impossible to estimate the number that were gathered between Oak and Oak on South Street but certainly it must have been over two hundred. Never but once have I seen so large a gathering. They fed in the top of the trees and on the ground males and females mixed although the males were predominant. They were inconspicuous on the ground, the males because of the yellow Warblers growing every where and the females because of their dull color.

Poss. Quartered Grosbeaks were

rather thick. Heard one give a note like whoi whoi whoi. I heard a new song coming from the top of an oak and to my surprise saw a Cape May Warbler. The song was see see see see see see. The last notes were faster. Later I saw three more making four in all. They were all males. They seemed rather securely in their movements. One was rather low down in a pine. The throat of all seemed an undivided yellow like the one seen May 12.

Tonight after school I went out to the fair grounds. Saw a male Robin with the testicals white. When at rest it showed as

narrow streak but in flight it looked like a white band. In other ways it seemed just like other Robins.

Saw a single Acadian Flycatcher - it gave a note like *pe*.

A House Sparrow chased a Red-headed Woodpecker whenever it flew.

In the Grand Stand there were several Robin's nests on the plate. They were all up out of reach.

A pair of Barn Swallows were evidently thinking of building here too as they flew through it continually. One lit near the edge of the roof to take a sunbath.

Two Crows flew over rather

high up. One gave a note like *ph*. It is rather unusual to see them flying far during the nesting season.

Found a Bluebird's nest in a stub about four feet up. It was in an old Woodpecker's hole that had been broken out and was entirely open to the weather. It contained five young scantily covered with a dark grey fuzz. They gave a low *peep* when I tapped on the wood. The old one seemed very anxious.

May 15, Friday.

Tonight after school I rode home to North Freedom with mother. About half a mile east of Sicker's bridge I heard a very harsh drawn out note that

I did not recognize it. I thought that it might be a Shrike but got out to see. Then I saw the bird sitting on a pine post. It looked queer around the head and I went closer. It was a female Yellow-headed Blackbird. It seemed quite a little larger than the Red-wings around it. The breast and throat were dingy yellow and the rest of the plumage a rusty black. The harsh drawn out note was given frequently and may have been an imitation of the song of the male. Then it flew to the ground with a characteristic chuck and then flew out of sight.

May 16, Saturday.
This morning after breakfast I went over in the River Woods. I heard a Wood Pewee calling from across the river. It was the first one of the spring. Wood Thrushes were quite common. The males sat singing high up against the sky in dead trees. They were generally so far up that they paid no attention to me and did not cease singing.

The Wilson Thrush sang also from a lower perch and I saw one or two Blue-backed Thrushes. The last were very shy and kept well hidden in the goose-berry bushes. When flushed they flew up to a low perch then quickly to

another and then most
always a longer flight through
the woods.

Heard a song that puzzled me
for a while but soon saw that
it was a Black-throated Blue
Warbler. The bird saw in the
top of a maple hidden by the
leaves and did not move
around at all. Finally I caught
sight of it.

Blackbirds were very common.
I heard them give three songs.

This afternoon I went down
in the fields. On the Old Pasture
a small bird skulked through
the bushes but I finally made
it out a Dickcissel. When once
it gained a cover it was very
hard to see and finally it

went into a bush and
I could not find it again.

Found several Catbirds' nests.
One had two eggs in it and the
one and others were in all
stages of construction. The
male sang all the time
and frequently I saw a pair
on the ground hunting for
material.

A yellow Warbler was building
her nest along the edge of the
river in a hazel bush. It was
made of wood shavings and
other soft material. She
scolded sharply if any one
came near. Some children
called her a Wild Canary.

A male Meadowlark acted
rather anxious and going
over there I flushed his

mate but could not find a nest.

Red-winged Blackbirds were thick around the marsh. They called excitedly all the time. Occasionally both males and females circled up to about fifty feet above the marsh and then came down again.

Band swallows were building in Sukia's land bank. Some nests were just begun while others were being lined. Some men came for sand and the whole flock of about twenty-five swooped down along the river in a body.

Saw a Maryland Yellowthroat give the flight song. Some par it was like the ordinary song while others were different.

Saw two Scares. They came up out of the marsh and flew a short distance with hanging feet.

May 12, Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went up on the hill.

About the first thing I heard was a Golden-winged Warbler. It kept up in the tops of the trees and as the leaves on the oaks were not fully out I had a good look at it. It seemed to be singing more than feeding and sometimes sat still for quite a while preening its feathers. It seems queer that I never saw them before this year. Maybe there are an unusual number this

Season. They seem to prefer
brushy country without
tall high trees. I find them
in Oak thickets and along
side hills.

There a Cape May Warbler
lit for a minute in a tree top.
It gave a faint call and was
gone flying with a quick up
and down flight.

A Chewink came up into the
decid top of an oak and began to
sing. I wrote the song as
hest hest hee e-e e-e. They
seem to be coming nearer
home or perhaps even ranging
farther now.

One Field Sparrow seemed to
have the whole hill to himself
and accordingly moved around
to different perches.

After breakfast I went over to
the Kimbrell Chiffs.

The Bluebirds have building
in the gasoline can of an
unused street lamp in front of
barn. They go in and out
so quickly that I can hardly
see them. An English Sparrow
came down to see what they
were doing.

Another pair were carrying
material into a bird-house on
top of the barn. The female
seemed to do all the work. The
male went with and sat on
top of the house while she was
inside. A Sparrow was
driven away and even a
Robin who lit on the house
was forced to take flight.

Found a Song Sparrow

nest in the ditch by the
old pasture and collected it.
It was in a little hollow and
was well concealed by grass.
The female flew out as I came
along.

Heard a number of
Black-Poll Warblers they sang
teet-a-teet-a-teet-a-teet-a.
They kept pretty well in the trees
and did not hunt through
the bushes as some Warblers
do.

I tried to watch the Yellow
Warbler build but she refused
to do any thing but sit.
The nest is in plain sight of
any one that passes and
will most likely be gone
before next week.

Heard a Catbird singing

and noticed that it mimicked
the note or song of the Spotted
Sandpiper, Meadowlark and
Baltimore Oriole all in the space
of the minute or two in
which I listened to it.

At the Hemlock Bluffs as
soon as I came I heard an
entirely new song like
ze-e-e-e-zip and followed
it for quite a while before I
identified the bird as a Parula
Warbler. It kept high up in the
tree and was so small
that I rarely got a glimpse
of it. Finally it went into a
giant Hemlock on top of the
rock. It made short trips
to other trees but always
returned to the big one. Finally
it lit on a low dead limb

in plain sight and sat there looking around. I worked around until I could see it and watched it for a while.

Heard the song of the Golden-winged Warbler and a male White-throated Sparrow flew up from the ground. Yellow-billed Cuckoo's were heard calling and answering.

At home as I sat on the porch resting I heard a great commotion among the English Sparrows and looking around saw a Cooper Hawk about 200 feet up it came from the north above town and went over to Hackitt's Grove where it dropped straight as a

plummet onto an unfortunate chicken and carried it off through the trees.

This afternoon I went over to the Hawk Creek valley. Found a Cottontail nest with four eggs in it and started to collect it but broke one, a fresh one and put the others back.

Saw the flight song of the Maryland Yellowthroat once and that of the Ovenbird several times. The latter gave fragments of the common song with its more inspired note.

Two Chickadees full grown were feeding from the brush and fallen trees. One fluttered its wings as if begging for

food and gave the note of the young whenever the other came near. I am sure that it was the female and that they were mated.

In a fallen tree top I had a momentary glimpse of a Canadian and a Hooded Warbler. They both vanished when I tried to come nearer.

Junco Buntings were thick and I scared up a Puffed Grouse from a decayed log which had nearly mingled with the soil. It had scratched out a hole about as big as the body and had evidently been lying in it when I frightened it up. Several I have scared them out of like situations and have found the holes.

Saw a pair of White-throated Sparrows in a bush-filled water-course. They were very secretive and for a moment I began to think that they were nest but a careful search revealed nothing.

As I went farther back the hills receded and the ground was covered with stone above which grew a rather dense oak, maple and hickory second growth. Chewinks were fairly abundant and seemed to be established for the summer. The males sat generally in a commanding position on a tree or sapling which was bare of leaves near their perches and sang at regular intervals.

Scarlet Tanager of the male denomination and very abundant I saw thirty or forty during the afternoon.

This seemed to be the chosen ground of Golden-winged Warblers and I saw and heard a number. Sometimes an extra note was added to the song making it *tee tee tee tee*.

An Ichneumonidae came on my way home and saw a long straw protruding from a bush and going up to it saw a nest about 1½ feet from the ground in a Raspberry bush. It was much like a Chipping Sparrow's nest but a number of long

straws protruded, I barrowed the foundation. It contained two eggs greenish in color spotted with rufous brown. They were very handsome and I left them for next week. They belonged I think to the Tree Sparrow.

Saw a Black-billed Cuckoo on Brilliott's hill. It was hunting through the tops of the second growth along the road.

May 19, Tuesday.

This morning as I sat on Hodge's porch I was started by a loud *caw-caw-caw* repeated six or eight times and followed by *Coat Coat Coat*. It came from a large oak and going around there saw a pair of

Black-billed Cuckoo. The notes were loud and sonorous and reminded me slightly of the tone of the Great Blue Heron. I was much surprised to see this bird here in town.

Several Black Poll Warblers frequently by the trees at wrote the song like see see see see. One gave the cat notes tee and chit like those of a yellow Warbler. It stretched its neck out and up to examine the leaves for insects and looked very long because of the V-shaped stripe on the throat.

In a squirrel house I found a pile of English Sparrow feathers placed neatly in a corner and a number of

pellets containing bills, thighs

May 21, Q. M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Robin - young - flight strong - out of nest
about nest - fly nearly straight up - Robin
call note - Robin hop -
Robin - bathe - chase away - Phainopepla
yacht - chase again.
~~Scrub Oak - squirrel house~~
Yellow-bellied Cuckoo.
Bronzed - grackle - young.
Thrush-like Warbler and Black Rooster and
Blackburnian. last not common town.
Wilson Thrush.

May 22 P.M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN

Bronzed Grackle.

Cedar Waxwing.

Green Heron.

Bluebird nest grass.

Baltimore Oriole. Two like to bare

Rufous-throated Hummingbird

He built a nest.

Phoebe. nest made and lined with
weed and hair shavings.

Crow young.

12

May 23 A.M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Barn Swallow nest ten feet up. and
lined with feathers. also W. Barns.

Southern Water Thrush singing
from tree.

Scarlet Tanager (pair) (white) (red)

American Warbler.

Indigo Bunting.

Black-bellied Cuckoo

Yellow-bellied

Chipping Sparrow nest in Forsythia

bush. 2 Cowbird eggs 2 of them

Mourning Warbler which it is which it

is which it is which. (which)

Scarlet Tanager male brought (female)

Chipping Sparrow nest Cowbird egg -

Wilson's Thrush nest about 100 up in
Forsythia bush.

White-throated Sparrow

Southern Water Thrush nest light brown

May 23 P.M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Virginia Rail: nest in clump of grass
Sora

Red winged Blackbird.

Marsh Wren.

Long sparrow.

2 1/2

May 24, A.M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Bobolink making.

Red-wings in Astor marsh.

Vesper Sparrows making chuck
pe-pe-pe-pe.

Long sparrow tailers.

Bank Swallow nest in hole.

Catbird imitated song of bluebird.

Golden-winged Warbler.

Cooper Hawk nest sticks lined with pieces
of maple bark an inch square and
1/8 inch thick made very savage.
KIT. KIT. KIT

Rose-breasted Grosbeak nest 8 feet up in
maple sapling, deeper than usual.

Redstart colored like female singing.

Red-eyed Vireo, imitating heron's song.

Scarlet Tanager, harshwood calling.

White-breasted Nuthatch sudden drop at end

May 24 P. M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN

Flicker nest in top of maple 25 feet up.
Ruffed grouse drum three or 4 beats
then slow and then drum.
Redstart sang like yellow Warbler.
sa sa sa sa sa sa sa. 4
White-throated Sparrow.
Evening primrose pattern song.
Cerulean Warbler high up. no singing.
whoots whoots a whoots - lo-z-z-z
(x-z-z-z-z z-z-z)
Bluejays in tall dead tree.
Wood Thrush air & hi (Keweenaw)
Field Sparrow chirp alone.
Chewink song (what he-he-he)
Golden winged Warbler.
Field Sparrow - nest in raspberry
bush one foot up.

Chipping Sparrow old nest torn out
for new.

Least Flycatcher flight song ch be
wings thrown back with each note
descended short distance that way.

May 31 1911
INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN

Barn Swallow.

Chipping Sparrow nest in
thorn apple bush.

Black-billed Cuckoo nest in grapevine
in rear of building.

Scrub Wren nest

4

Humbird, see see see see

Carolina Wren on limb
Chir chir chir chee-ee-ee-ee

Red-eyed Vireo on limb

Breast buffy streaked with brown
tail whitish barred with brown
top white. Red-shouldered Hawk.

June 6, 1891
 INSURE IN THE
 PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Robin
 Barnard Owl
 Yellow-bellied Cuckoo ^{tail} nest in maple
 Redstart
 Robin
 Redstart & sang
 Barnard Owl answered whistle
 Cerulean Warbler
 Yellow-bellied Cuckoo nest in maple

June 6, P. M.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

Field Sparrow.
Red-eyed Vireo,
Black and White Warbler.
Chestnut-sided
Ruffed Grouse.
Yellow-throated Vireo.
Ruby-throated Hummer.
Scarlet Tanager
Indigo Bunting.

INSURE IN THE
PHENIX INS. CO. BROOKLYN

diff Swallow nest

Robin nest

Cutting Sparrow nest 2 eggs

Colored nest 2 young/egg (last Sunday)

Black-billed Cuckoo nest 2 eggs

and with child

golden-winged warbler

Hummingbird nest

Black and White Warbler

Phoebe nest 4 young

2 1/2

124

Black-billed Cuckoo. The notes
were loud and sonorous
and reminded me slightly

125
pellets containing bills, thighs
and other bones. Evidently a
scrub owl had been here.

feathers placed neatly in a
corner and a number of

126

127

170.

July 12, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast
I went down in the fields.

171

quint 1840

1840

1840

1840

Black and White Warbler
Yellow Warbler

Arctic Warbler

Chestnut Warbler

Black-throated Green Warbler

Greenbird

Maryland Yellowthroat

American Redstart

Louisiana Water Thrush

Golden-winged Warbler

Use "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs and Colds. *Small City*



